

# The Battel at SEA.



**T**husday in the Morn the Ides of May,  
Recorded for ever the famous *Ninety-Two*,  
Brave *Russel* did discern by dawn of day  
The lofty Sails of *France* advancing now;  
All hands aloft, aloft, let *English* valour shine,  
Let fly a Culverine, the signal of the Line,  
Let ev'ry hand supply his Gun,  
Follow me, and you'll see  
That the Battle will be soon begun, &c.

*Torville* o'er the Main triumphant Rowld,  
To meet the gallant *Russel* in *Combas* on the deep,  
He led the noble Train of Hero's bold,  
To sink the *English* Admiral at his Feet:  
Now ev'ry valiant Mind to Victory doth aspire,  
The bloody Fight's begun, the Sea it self on Fire,  
And mighty Fate Hood looking on,  
Whilst a Floud all of Blood  
Fill'd the Portholes of the *Royal Sun*.

Sulphur, Smeak and Fire disturb'd the Air,  
With Thunder & Wonder t' affright the *Gallie Shear*,  
Their regulated Bands stood trembling near,  
To see their lofty Streamers now no more:  
At Six a Clock the Red the smiling Victor led,  
To give a second Blow, the fatal overthrow:  
Now Death and Horror equal Reign;  
Now they cry, Run, or Dye,  
*British* Colours Ride the vanquish'd Main.

See they fly amaz'd through Rocks and Sands;  
One danger they grasp at to shun a greater Fate;  
In vain they cry for aid to weeping Lands,  
The *Nymphs & Sea-Gods* mourn their lost Estate,  
For evermore adieu thou Royal dazzling *Sun*,  
From thy untimely end thy Master's Fate's begun  
Enough thou mighty God of War,  
Now we sing, *Bless the King*,  
Let us drink to ev'ry *English* Tar.

Come jolly Seamen all, with *Russel* go.  
And sail on the Main, proud *Monsieur* for to greet  
And give our Enemy a second Blow,  
And fight *Turville* if that he dare to meet,  
Come brother Tar, what cheer! let each his Gun supply  
And thump 'em off this year or make *Mon* to fly,  
While we do range the Ocean round,  
Day or Night we will fight,  
When our Enemy is to be found.

Let it ne'er be said that *English* Boys  
Should ere stay behind when our *Admiral* does go,  
But let each honest Lad cry with one Voice,  
Brave *Russel* leads us on to fight the *Foe*, (burn,  
We'll give them Gun for Gun, some sink & others  
Broadsides we'll give them too, till *Monsieur* crys  
Des *Englars* vill kill us all, (Morbless  
Whilst they scower, we will pour,  
Thick as Hail amongst them, Cannon-Ball.